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DINING EXPERIENCES.

"MY DEAR," said Mrs Balderstone to me one day, in a blandly querulous tone, "we must give a dinner soon, for I begin to be quite ashamed of some of our old debts in that way. We have been both to a dinner and an evening party at the Misses Johnson's, since they were in our house; and now they have their brother the captain with them on leave, we are particularly bound to give them an invitation—taking him, of course, along with them. We owe the Wilsons two dinners; and although we did invite them to the last, and they could not come, still, we have the debt hanging over our heads. And there's Mrs Gayton, the leading lady of the neighbourhood, we still owe her for her kind invitation, as well as for her attention in inquiring so particularly for Georgina during her late illness. The Jamesons too; they have called twice since the county ball, when Georgina and I slept in their house, and it is now high time that we returned their civilities: so we must have them—father, mother, son, and daughter. Then there is the young couple—Miss Julia Pattison that was, and her husband; the honeymoon has thrice replenished her horn, and they have not yet been with us at dinner, although the Pattisons made me *prima donna* at the wedding. We must now have them, with, of course, the elder Pattison family too—father, son, and aunt."

"How! five of one clan! why, that is half a dinner-party in itself."

"No matter, my dear; it would never do to exclude any on such an occasion as this. But I have not done yet. There are the Taylors, our next-door neighbours, where we have a home-house on all occasions, and who never have any party without us. They would take it much amiss, and very justly, were they omitted. So we must have the Taylors. My brother and sister we must of course ask, for they never can understand why they should be excluded, and we are at every feast of theirs. Then, Major and Mrs Manx, the new settlers; we have exchanged calls, you know, and we must either have them now, or break off at once. That's all, I believe; but perhaps we may come in mind of one or two more before the day arrives."

"And a pretty good all I think it is," said I; "why, let me see—the Johnsons three, the Wilsons two, makes five—Mrs Gayton six—the four Jamesons ten—the Pattisons fifteen—the Taylors seventeen—brother and sister nineteen—Major and Mrs Manx twenty-one. These, with ourselves and Georgina, make twenty-four in all, which, you are aware, is a preposterously large party, not to speak of our dining-tables only holding eighteen with comfort."

"Well, but I do not see who we can omit without offence; for really, if we are to have friends at all, we must consider their feelings."

"Suppose you draw the pen through the two younger Jamesons and the aunt Pattison, and that we leave out the Taylors for this once?"

"The Jamesons may go certainly—that would make twenty-two; but Aunt Pattison and the Taylors cannot be dispensed with. I could never look Mrs Taylor in the face again."

"Well, say your brother and sister; as they are here so often with us by themselves, they might be spared now surely."

"Oh, never. They would take it dreadfully ill; and there is nobody I should be more afraid to take a liberty with."

"Well, but what is to be done! for take them all we cannot, if we would make them comfortable."

"Why, we must just make a stretch; and if we

crib off Aunt Pattison, and only allow Georgina to make her appearance in the drawing-room, we may do."

Well, it is determined that we attempt on Friday week to make the said twenty friends happy. The days roll on; the hour comes. We have just got ourselves planted in easy attitudes in the drawing-room, when rat-tat-tat goes the knocker, and Major and Mrs Manx, Mr and Mrs Taylor, the Misses and Captain Johnson, &c., are announced in succession, shaken by the hand, and arranged according to rule, the ladies on the sofas, and the gentlemen in a clump near the centre of the room, but somewhat towards the door. Some know each other, and interchange how d'ye do's. Others look at each other as if they were extremely willing to be civil, were they only introduced. An awful pause is broken by a lady asking another upon the opposite sofa if baby is now quite better of its cold—a fact of which she was aware, though not perhaps on the most authentic grounds, three weeks ago. A venturesome gentleman advances to the fireside, and insinuates to the sofa-seated lady nearest to it a well-weighted remark on the late weather, to which the lady gives her unhesitating concurrence. A group at the table inspect case miniatures of the family. Likenesses are seen—not seen—half seen—just so-and-so seen. A bashful Pattison takes refuge in Georgina's album, which he has previously inspected five hundred times. At length, a throwing wide of the door announces even to those who do not hear the words "Dinner waits," that the half hour of penance is at a close; and the company passes into the dining-room.

Dinners are such stereotyped affairs, that no particular one supplies matter for remark. I shall therefore content myself with saying that this passed off much in the usual manner, the civilities connected with eating and drinking supplying sufficient matter to keep up a fair show of sociality in the party. But when the dessert arrived, conversation began to bear a premium. The parties were in general little or not at all acquainted with each other. They had consequently no ground of common knowledge or common sympathy on which they could meet. They therefore either sat in an uneasy silence, or exchanged a few of the merest commonplaces, not one of which in ten bourgeoned into a remark of the slightest pith or likelihood. And all these were respectively confined to groups of twos and threes, who would be seen inclining to each other for a brief space, leaving perhaps interjected individuals, who had nothing to do but look before them with an air of as much interest and happiness as they could contrive to muster. There was no general conversation, not even such a thing as a person involuntarily attracting attention by eccentric behaviour or loudness of voice. The least break in the universal good breeding and decorum of the scene would have been a relief; but it was not to be had. At length the jelly ceased to nod at the blamange—fruit had been discussed—and the ladies had had their statutory glass of wine. My wife, choosing a proper moment, gave a telegraphic signal to Mrs Manx, at which that lady and all the rest instantly rose from their seats, and adjourned to the drawing-room. I then removed myself to the head of the table, and made an effort to communicate some life to the assembly, by calling upon the gentlemen to close up their ranks, and see that they helped themselves to wine. It seemed to have a slight effect for a moment, but not longer. The current of circumstances was too strong the other way. Had politics been introduced, all would have been alive at once, and continued as long as there was no bloodshed. But that was a necessarily proscribed topic. So were, for similar reasons,

the religious questions of the day. Men thus debarred from speaking about the things in which they are most interested, what remains for them? In large towns, they have picture exhibitions, theatres, concerts, promenades, and balls; but no such resources exist in the country. This tells grievously upon after-dinner conversation in the best of circumstances, but particularly in such as the present, where there were several persons totally unacquainted with each other, and no one was able to strike out any line of discourse presenting either instruction or amusement to the rest. In the present case, had the company been fewer, some pleasant enough general conversation might have been expected; but, large as it was, this was impossible. The consequence was, that we had no conversation worthy of the name. The one half of the party chatted in dialogues; the other sat for the most part silent. It was like an audience met for a play, where no play took place. One consolation was, it could only last its hour; at the expiration of which we joined the ladies in the drawing-room. There things were just beginning to get a little better—the chill of mutual unacquaintance beginning to wear off—when carriages were announced, and our company dispersed, leaving me to lament, with Seged, emperor of Ethiopia, the disappointment so apt to befall those who endeavour to secure a day's pleasure.

On another occasion, I determined to select a very few particular friends, agreeable and well-informed persons, to make up a dinner-party, which should be sure of affording pleasure to all concerned. My choice included only six persons, a number sufficient to give the feeling of a set entertainment, but not too many for general conversation. A day or two before our meeting was to take place, an old schoolfellow, whom I had not seen since we were boys, chanced to come to our district, and, encountering him, I asked him to join our party. I shall here be brief in details. Let it suffice, that dinner passed off pleasantly enough; and as all except one were mutually acquainted, and that intimately, the greatest cordiality seemed likely to characterise the evening. This, I thought confidently, is the right kind of dinner-party for real enjoyment—no stiffness here, no committees, on commonplaces—no insipid silence—all gay and general chit-chat, strengthening the bonds of a mutual amity already well-established. But never was Amphitryon more sadly deceived. My new acquaintance quickly proved to be one of those unhappy wretches who delight in argumentation, and cannot allow so much as a fly to pass them in conversation, without calling out, Stand—who goes there? To fulfil his character, Nature had furnished him with a powerful, and, at the same time, sharp voice, before which gentler men were apt to quail, even when they were far from being convinced by his arguments. The first demonstrations of this gentleman's character were elicited by some mere badinage which was going on between myself and one of my friends. He struck in like a hawk pouncing upon a couple of playful sparrows, and did not quit the subject till we had both retired quite discomfited from the field. The loud voice and disproportionately ardent manner startled us all, and from that moment an alteration was observed in the whole feeling of the party. Soon after, the subject of the new manure, guano, chanced to be introduced, and one or two gentlemen present, who were partially acquainted with agricultural matters, expressed themselves as hopeful of its proving serviceable. "I'll tell you what, gentlemen, you are all mistaken. This guano will never do as an effective manure. In the first place, it is too dear. In the second, it will not answer scouring crops. In the third"—Here he

was interrupted by some one mentioning that it had been tried extensively by a farmer in the neighbourhood, and found to answer amazingly. But by this obstruction—like water dammed up—he was only made the more overwhelming. With arms crossed on the table, forehead projected, and eyebrows raised, he proceeded to demonstrate the absurdity of the idea that effective manure could be carried, like the winds of Ulysses, in a bag. The earth must absorb—the air must exhale—the rains must wash off. No; it was theoretically and practically an impossibility! The friendly harmony of the other men was, in short, destroyed by this unlucky intruder; and the close of the evening saw me again, with my feet on the fender, and my hands in my pockets, musing on the profound truth of the tale of Seged.

Our neighbour, General Wells, gives a dinner every year on the anniversary of the taking of Seringapatam, at which he was present in the days of his youth. Worthy people are the General and his lady, perfectly well-bred, without being in the least stiff, and to be admitted to their society is generally looked on as something of an honour by persons in our rank. Their parties were generally reputed as amongst the most pleasant ever given in the district, and this effect was owing not more to the perfectly correct and nice arrangements made for them, the selectness of both the company and the materials of the entertainment, than to the cheerful and lively conversation of the host. We had been looking for a first invitation from this quarter for some time, when at length it came—on gilt paper, in the lady's own beautiful handwriting. "General and Mrs Wells's compliments, and will be happy," &c. Our daughter, too, who had just come out, was included. Nothing could be more friendly or considerate. The day was sufficiently distant to allow of all necessary preparations being accomplished. "My dear, this will be a most important introduction for Georgina—the next county ball—the horticultural promenade—the box in the theatre—the General's nephew and heir-presumptive—the Laird of Lumley's eldest son, likely soon to inherit an estate of six thousand a year—the clever advocate so rapidly rising at the bar?" such were a few snatches of the speculations in which my wife indulged for several days, in anticipation of the expected meeting. Poor Georgina, who is rather a pretty sort of girl, was subjected to a complete course of maternal admonitions, respecting suitables and unsuitables—pinks, purples, blues, and greens—every colour in the rainbow but yellow. Band-boxes were seen flying to and fro from morning till night. At length the day came, and we were all ready to set out in our little drosky, when—but my pen almost refuses to chronicle the appalling fact—the voice of Georgina at the drawing-room window announced the approach of Uncle Andrew. Could anything be more unfortunate! Uncle Andrew was an elderly unmarried relative of my wife's—a rich fellow, who lived by himself a few miles from us, and whose society we endeavoured to put up with occasionally, partly from good nature, and partly from a notion that he might some day make us the better of him. A plain man was Uncle Andrew, who spoke what he thought, though he did not afford much encouragement to other people to do so; honestly candid about the mercantile pursuits of his early and middle life, and a good deal of a sneerer at the refinements of superior society, yet who took it extremely ill if as great deference was not paid to him as if he had had both birth and breeding—positive a little, and some deal passionate, but, on the whole, well-meaning, and, above all, with money to dispose of. With all his wilfulness and insensibility to other people's feelings, he had a "handle"—he was fond of flattery; and this came with most force when it referred to his flower-garden, to which he used to devote a large portion of his time. Take a walk there and praise its management, and the beauty of his new heart's-ease Lady Sale, and you had Uncle Andrew as safe as if a hook had been in his nose. Georgina was a favourite with him, from no effort of her own, but merely one of the caprices to which such odd old men are subject. Some people, therefore, began to look upon her as a young lady of some not inconsiderable expectations.

The arrival of such a person at this moment—beaming, too, with the idea of giving us an agreeable surprise—was particularly unlucky. What was to be done? To carry him with us to the General's seemed inadmissible; to leave him at home was to fix in his jealous mind the idea that we thought shame of him before our better sort of friends; to give up the engagement and stay at home with him was neither agreeable to ourselves, nor could we suppose it good

conduct towards the General and his lady. To my shame, I confess that we took the first of these expedients; and yet it was not altogether without some show of justification. Our friend had become acquainted with the General in one of his gardening excursions. He had afterwards dined only three distant from him at the Horticultural Society's annual banquet, when he had drunk wine with him, and received a compliment about some dahlias which he had that day exhibited. He had no doubt that the worthy old Trojan, as he was pleased to call the General, would be glad to see him; so he would just go *en ceremonie*. The sequel may be imagined; the awkward introduction to Mrs Wells of an anomalous atrocity in brown coat and rusty spatterdash—the stiff "I am glad to see any friend of yours" of the General—the eyeing, the whispering, of the ante-dinner conversation—the derangement of table-seats, and difficulty of getting room for a supernumerary—the total want of tact of the intruder—the outbursts of professional and vulgar slang which honest Andrew thought it a virtue not to suppress—all these circumstances made the day of anticipated triumph and delight one of the most severe suffering to us. I need not say that Georgina, as the niece of such a man, altogether failed to make an impression in any quarter, or that from thenceforward our opportunities of cultivating the General's friendship were as scanty as before. To crown all, Uncle Andrew died three months after, leaving the whole of his fortune to descend, at the direction of the law, to a cousin of mine, who has already more wealth than he can make use of.

These are my experiences: now comes my *improvement* upon them. It must be obvious to all acute people of the world what were the causes of our disappointment on each occasion. In the first, we brought an over-large party together, with no element of mutual harmony amongst them, and no provision for raising and keeping up in the company a flow of good humour. The individuals were selected, not because they were likely to be a source of enjoyment to each other, but for reasons affecting Mr and Mrs Balderstone only. It was a dinner of debt and duty; a good moral dinner, but destitute of piquancy. For such an occasion, a *sprach-sprecher*, or sayer of funny things (an official recognised, I believe, in Germany in former times), is an indispensable requisite: he should be hired at any money from town, if not otherwise to be obtained. But generally, there are tolerable ones in private circles, who seldom fail, if you only can contrive to keep them from telling the same story too frequently. In the second case, we have seen a small party of familiar friends disconcerted by the intrusion of one foreign element of a discordant kind. In such a party, a pleasant-natured stranger would have been rather an acquisition; but, as it was, the affair was ruined of course. *Mem.*—Always make sure of the personal character of any novel person whom you may think of inviting into the circle of your most intimate friends. The third case was even a more lively illustration of the danger of introducing a discordant element; and I own my fault, in taking Andrew to the General's house, to have been quite inexcusable. There is a feature in the moral philosophy of entertainments which many persons do not advert to. A set entertainment of any kind is a species of drama or masquerade. A certain number of persons enter into it on an understanding that they are to put for the time certain restraints on their natural character, and act under certain formulæ as to manners and style of conversation, which have been found conducive to the general advantage. Such a drama, to be successful, demands that the performers be all of them up to a certain point of intellectual training, so as to be in perfect harmony with each other. Where any of them are incongruous, or any one chooses from a selfish wilfulness to disrespect the laws of the meeting, it is reduced to the character of an ordinary—it descends from the poetical to the prosaic. It is needless for any ultra-wise person to ask why there should be any fiction in the matter. A fiction it is, and one which the generality of people must find it agreeable to enact. There is no harm in it; on the contrary, it is one of the established means of healthily varying the scenery and associations of life; and I do not therefore see how any one is at liberty to do aught that can mar it. It was against this law that Uncle Andrew sinned, and the moral work of a Wilberforce would not compensate for the temporary inconvenience which it produced. In fine, then, let it be understood that entertaining is an art, which requires to be studied and nicely observed, if we would practise it successfully. It is not enough that we provide the gross elements; we must assort our company in such a way as may be most apt to produce mutual harmony—we must keep out discordant elements; and if on any occasion we are tempted or compelled to bring rather too many together, and those a little heterogeneous, we must see to have at

least one among the number who can, without egotism, or any other offensive quality, bind them all into one social bunch, under the influence of a common enjoyment of wit and humour.

EFFECTS OF ATMOSPHERICAL INFLUENCES UPON THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

Not always actions show the man: we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind:
Perhaps prosperity becalmed his breast;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east.
Pope's Moral Essays.

THERE are some who deny that particular states of the weather have influence upon the sensations and powers of the mind, but for no other reason than that they never were sensible of anything of the kind in their own case. They do not advert to the possibility of persons of a different constitution from themselves being liable to influences of which they are insensible. Milton is stated by his nephew to have been most able and disposed to write between the autumnal and vernal equinox; and this provokes a sneer from Johnson, who felt nothing of the kind; though elsewhere, at a subsequent period, he was brought to acknowledge that there might be differences amongst men in this respect. It is one of the few places where Boswell exceeds in wisdom the subject of his biography, when, in reply to a remark of Johnson on the silliness of those who believe their minds to be affected by meteorological causes, he exclaims, "Alas, it is too certain that, where the frame has delicate fibres, and there is a fine sensibility, such influences of the air are irresistible!" "Our country," says Sir William Temple, "must be confessed to be what a great physician called it, a *region of spleen*; which may arise a good deal from the great uncertainty and many sudden changes of our weather in all seasons of the year. And how much these affect the heads and hearts, especially of the finest temperaments, is hard to be believed by men whose thoughts are not turned to such speculations. This makes us unequal in our humours, inconstant in our passions, uncertain in our ends, and even in our desires." These, of course, are only opinions, not physiological proof; but, as proceeding from men of observation and experience, they are entitled to respect. That particular winds, states of the weather, seasons, and climates, do exercise some power over the minds of men in general, is not now generally denied, though perhaps some rather fanciful speculations have been indulged in on the subject.

It is a remarkable fact, that the nations living in the tropical and frigid zones have neither of them such energetic intellects, generally speaking, as those which reside in the temperate latitudes. Dr Copland says, "Countries situate between 45 degrees and 63 degrees of northern latitude are inhabited by the most robust and enduring of our species, in respect of both physical and intellectual powers. It may be stated in general of the northern temperate zone, that the inhabitants of its more southerly countries have made the earliest advances in civilisation, and that those of its middle and more northerly climates have carried the useful sciences and arts to the highest perfection. Within the range of this zone, man presents the greatest variety of temperament, of constitution, and of mental endowment." He adds, that "climates which are the most variable as to both the commencement and the course of the different seasons, are, notwithstanding the many disadvantages imputed to them, the most favourable to the advancement of the various bodily and mental powers." Certainly a remarkable contrast exists between the people of temperate and those of tropical and frigid climes. The intertropical nations are generally of an enervated or effeminate character, the easy conquest and the ready slaves of whatever energetic neighbour chooses to invade them; while the inhabitants of the arctic regions are again stunted in mind, as well as body, as if the excessive cold literally froze the genial current of the soul. What furnishes strong proof of the operation of these causes, is the fact, that elevation of situation gives all the advantages of a medium latitude; hence, for one example out of many, the great difference between the timid children of the plain of the Ganges, and the energetic tribes which hold by the mountains of Mysore. Well might Milton speak of "the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty"—though that is a term that only can be applicable in climates not exceeding the medium temperature.

When we come to personal sensations, we readily see how this should be. Every one must have been conscious of the lassitude and indolence produced by an unusually hot summer day, especially when the air has been moist as well as hot. He easily imagines how little business he could get through in a year, how little advance he could make in study, and how useless a being he would become in general, if the same degree of heat and moisture were constantly, or all but constantly, maintained. On the other hand, all must be sensible of the obstruction which extreme cold gives to intellectual operations. In that state, the mind is absorbed in its own uneasy feelings, and the means of alleviating them; there is no roaming abroad for pleasure or instruction; the thoughts and sympathies are all alike confined to the narrow circle around the domestic hearth. Hence there can be no mental progress. Such a state of things, experienced in generation after generation, at length tells upon the organic structure of a people; and behold, as an ulti-

mate result, the puny forms, flat heads, and impoverished intellects of the Samoides, Laplanders, and other races of the colder latitudes.

The warmer of the temperate climates, though they probably operate to some extent against the development of the active powers of the intellect, may be allowed to have the effect of elevating the spirits and contributing essentially to the happiness of life. The inhabitants of southern Europe are less industrious, and, as a necessary consequence, poorer, than those of the north; but, to judge from external appearances, they pass more cheerful lives. The clear mild weather seems to give directly the happiness which the children of the north are obliged to seek through the circuitous route of a constant application to hard work. It serves them for everything besides a small modicum of the most ordinary necessities of life. "There is," says Lady Blessington, writing at Genoa, "a peculiar lightness and elasticity in the air of this place, which begets a buoyancy of spirits even in us children of a colder clime. It is positive enjoyment to look out on the blue unclouded skies, and the not less blue waters, that are glistening beneath the sunbeams, which are at this moment shining as brightly as if it were June instead of April. Then the look of cheerfulness that each countenance wears is exhilarating. Climate, aided by the light yet nutritious food in general use in Italy, is productive of a disposition to be pleased, that robs the asperities of life of half their bitterness; although it may indispose people to studious pursuits, or unfit them for laborious ones."* This is conformable to what is stated on the same point by most travellers in the southern regions of Europe. The rule is only confirmed by occasional exceptions from the fine weather of these countries, to which we shall presently advert.

The influence of certain winds and states of the atmosphere upon the mind are subjects of familiar remark. Every one is sensible of the exhilarating effects of a clear sunny sky accompanied by a dry light wind, and of the contrary effects of an overclouded sky or a rainy day. Probably, there are two kinds of consequences from states of the atmosphere. All are cheered by sunshine, and depressed by gloom, from a simple principle of the mind taking pleasure in what looks bright and cheerful, and being dejected by the sight of whatever is dull and dismal. Here it is merely a natural language in things, which addresses us and produces the effect: and this, we believe, is all that the great bulk of healthy persons in Britain are sensible of in respect of weather. The other class of effects only tells on certain delicate or enfeebled constitutions. In their case, it is not the mere external appearance of nature, but probably some positive virulent quality of the atmosphere, which operates. The east wind, for example, seems to wither up their genial feelings, and elicit every particle of ill nature in their constitution. While that reigns, they have no enjoyment in life, and will scarcely allow anybody else to have. There is certainly nothing to forbid our supposing that this wind, desiccated by its passage across the continent of Europe, possesses some character, though one not easy of detection, which renders it actually injurious to the nervous system of such persons. At the same time, its effects might perhaps be less felt by elderly and weakly persons, if they were to make an attempt to brave it, and for that purpose were to engage in active and cheerful exercise. To illustrate this, we shall relate a brief anecdote. The officers of a little garrison placed in Tynemouth Castle during the time of the last war, had scarcely any amusement but that of shooting rabbits on the neighbouring downs, and dining occasionally with a respectable old married officer, who resided permanently there as store-keeper. Whenever the old gentleman accompanied them on their sports, of which he was extremely fond, he invited them to dinner; so it became an important point to get him out with them. An east wind came, and the old gentleman detested east winds, during the prevalence of which nothing could induce him to leave his sofa. Within sight of that place of repose there was a weathercock, which he consulted every morning. "Ah, east wind still—humph—no going out to-day." The young officers tired dreadfully of this state of things, and, by way of remedying it, caused a boy to climb up to the weathercock during the night, and tie it with its point to the west. Up rose the old gentleman. "Ah, west wind at last; well, we'll have some sport to-day." The young gentlemen were not long in making their appearance, when an excursion on the downs was of course agreed upon. "And you'll dine with me, my lads." They bowed assent, and off went the party. The old gentleman never once remarked the east wind during the whole day, although he afterwards learned the trick which had been played with the weathercock, and was for the future more chary of his invitations.

In Italy, the moral effects of certain winds have been remarked from ancient times. Horace speaks of *pumbeus causter*, alluding to the mind-oppressing character of what is now called the *sirocco*; and Celsus tells us of the horror-exciting effects of the *Tramontana*, or north wind of the same country. The *sirocco* is a south-east blast, charged with the heat of Africa, and deprived thereby of its natural moisture. It is nearly the same air which some ill-judging architects produce from hot iron plates for the warming of public buildings, disregarding the fact, that moisture is an

element of the air indispensable to health. All travellers speak of the depressing effects of the *sirocco*. Matthew, in his "Diary of an Invalid," describes its consequences as "that leaden oppressive dejection of spirits, which is the most intolerable of diseases." The Italians themselves have a proverb about a stupid book: "era scritto in tempo del *sirocco*!"—(it was written in the time of the *sirocco*.) In Spain, the same wind is experienced in a modified form, and is called the *solano*. The people of that country have a proverbial remark, that no animals except a pig and an Englishman are insensible to the *solano*; and they add, "no rogar alguna gracia en tiempo de *solano*!"—[do not ask a favour in the time of the *solano*], it being presumed that men are then too much out of humour to do any kindness to their neighbours.*

The irritability and ill humours attributed to these winds would seem to be much exceeded by those of the *Viente Norte*, or North wind of Buenos Ayres, which Mr. Parish, in his work on that country, describes as amounting to little less in some men than a temporary derangement of their moral faculties. "It is a common thing," he says, "to see men amongst the better class shut themselves up in their houses during its continuance, and lay aside all business till it has passed; whilst among the lower orders, it is a fact well-known to the police, that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed are infinitely more frequent during the north wind than at any other time. Not many years back, a man named Garcia was executed for murder. He was a person of some education, esteemed by those who knew him, and, in general, rather remarkable than otherwise for the civility and amenity of his manners; his countenance was open and handsome, and his disposition frank and generous; but when the north wind set in, he appeared to lose all command of himself; and such was his extreme irritability, that, during its continuance, he could hardly speak to any one in the street without quarrelling. In a conversation with my informant a few hours before his execution, he admitted that it was the third murder he had been guilty of, besides having been engaged in more than twenty fights with knives, in which he had both given and received many serious wounds; but, he observed, it was the north wind, not he, that shed all this blood. When he rose from his bed in the morning, he said he was at once aware of its accursed influence upon him; a dull headache first, and then a feeling of impatience at everything about him, would cause him to take umbrage even at the members of his own family on the most trivial occurrence. If he went about, his headache generally became worse; a heavy weight seemed to hang over his temples; he saw objects, as it were, through a cloud, and was hardly conscious where he went. He was fond of play, and if, in such a mood, a gambling-house was in his way, he seldom resisted the temptation; once there, any turn of ill luck would so irritate him, that the chances were, he would insult some of the bystanders; those who knew him, perhaps, would bear with his ill humours; but if, unhappily, he chanced to meet with a stranger disposed to resent his abuse, they seldom parted without bloodshed. Such was the account the wretched man gave of himself, and it was corroborated afterwards by his relations and friends; who added, that no sooner had the cause of his excitement passed away, than he would deplore his weakness, and never rested till he had sought out and made his peace with those whom he had offended."

The susceptibility of Garcia, if we are to suppose it correctly described, obviously reaches a degree which is totally unknown in this country. It is by no means unlikely that there is a susceptibility of impressions of all kinds in the people of such climates as that of Buenos Ayres, far beyond any which we find exemplified in more cool latitudes. The passionate character of the people of the south of Europe is well-known; and that this depends in some measure on the operation of climate, may be not unreasonably inferred from certain facts in their natural history. Physicians remark that in Italy the doses of medicine given in England would be enormous and highly injurious. Narcotics, taken at Naples in smaller quantity than in England, operate with much more powerful effect. There is also in Italy a liability to strong nervous affections from simple and even agreeable odours, of which we see no trace in our temperate climate. Dr Harrison states,† that he has known flowers and perfumes in a chamber produce syncope in healthy persons. On this last point we have some interesting information in Sir James Clark's work on Climate. "The next circumstance," says he, "connected with the diseases of Rome, which deserves notice, is the peculiar sensibility of the nervous system of its inhabitants. This is evinced in a very particular manner, by the disposition to convulsive affections, and the singular sensitiveness of the Romans, especially the females, to perfumes. This peculiar susceptibility of the nervous system appears to be of recent origin. We learn from ancient authors, that the Roman matrons were fond of perfumes; and, as this peculiarity is not mentioned by the Roman medical authors who have more recently written on the climate and diseases of Rome, there can be little doubt that it did not exist in their time. 'But in our times,' says a modern Roman writer, 'nervous affections, vulgarly termed *tiratura* or convulsions, are extremely

common, attacking females more particularly, but likewise delicate individuals of the other sex. So easily affected are such persons, that they cannot even bear the odour of the most pleasant flowers without suffering.' It is to be remarked, that it is not disagreeable odours which produce such effects on the nervous system, but the more delicate, and, to northern nations, agreeable odours of flowers, also vegetable and other perfumes. Hysterical headaches and numerous nervous affections are produced by such odours. The Roman physicians cannot fix upon any other circumstance to which this malady can be fairly attributed, except the indolent manner of life of the Romans, which favours, especially in such a climate, the relaxation and sensibility of the system. Such was most likely the principal source of this idiosyncrasy, and this no doubt still tends to maintain it; while the morbid sensibility of the nervous system once acquired, is doubtless, in some degree, transmitted from parent to child. But though much may depend on the effeminate and indolent manner of living at Rome, the climate, I believe, has some specific effect in inducing this state of the nervous system. The habits of the Romans differ little, I think, from those of the inhabitants of the other large towns in Italy; for instance, Naples, Florence, Genoa, &c.; and yet this morbidly sensitive state of the nervous system does not exist by any means in the same degree in those places. Even a temporary residence of some duration at Rome produces a degree of the same morbid sensibility, and in cases where the Roman mode of living cannot be adduced as the cause. Something depends also, I believe, on the moral education, though it must not be forgotten that the sensibility of the nervous system in all warm climates is naturally more exalted than in the colder, and the influence of the passions far greater in producing and modifying bodily disease. This is particularly the case with the Romans; and, in tracing the chronic diseases of such of them as came within my observation, I was struck with the general reference of their origin to violent mental emotions."

THE MONOMANIAC.

A TALE.

TOWARDS the close of 1829, the gaming houses of the Palais Royal, in Paris, were nightly filled with an unusual number of players, from a report getting abroad that these sinks of iniquity were to be abolished in the succeeding year. One evening in summer there was a full attendance at a *rouge-et-noir* table in one of the largest of the houses. All went on quietly for some time. At last the silence was broken by a young man who exclaimed, "Confusion! Red again, and I have been doubling on black for the last five games. Four hundred louis! 'Tis well; this is the finale! So now—as I am ruined—send me some brandy!"

"Fortune has frowned to-night, Folarte," said a person who was watching the game; "have you lost much?"

"A bagatelle of four hundred, simply; more, indeed, than I ever lost before in one evening," returned the loser, retiring with his friend to a separate table.

"Nay, you forget the seven hundred on Thursday; it—"

"Is not so much as the four hundred to-night."

"So!" exclaimed Cornet; "you have got rid of your arithmetic as well as your money?"

"Psha! friend; a word in your ear. The ill luck of this day leaves me only fifty pounds richer than a pauper; they are my last. Come, pour out more brandy!"

Cornet looked me steadfastly in the face. "Folarte," said he, "you are a philosopher!"

"A philosopher! If you knew all, you would call me a hero. But my head burns. A turn in the gardens of the Tuilleries will cool me."

"You will join us again in the evening?"

"Of course; have I not fifty left?"

It was early morning; the air, though fresh, was damp and chilling, laden with dew; but the cold gray colour of the sky gradually dissolved into a more genial tint by the rays of the rising sun. Several milk-maids and laundresses passed me. Yes, me; for the ruined, reckless gamester it is who now makes his confession. They seemed happy, for they laughed and chatted merrily. Groups of artisans also appeared, and let off several trite jokes and ready-made gallantries; for which the girls rewarded them; some with their lips, others with their smiling glad-looking eyes. These people had been asleep, dreaming of what their waking hours realised—happiness. They were not, like myself, gamesters; or if they were, they must all have come off winners. Minutely noting the expression of each face as it was turned towards me, I could read, with some accuracy, what passed within. Thus I enjoyed a sort of metaphysical panorama. Each one who caught sight of me no longer smiled, but frowned upon me as an intruder upon their joyousness. Had I been an adder lying across the path of a pleasure-party, they could not have regarded me with greater aversion. The men depressed their brows; for my appearance troubled them; and no wonder. I was unshorn and haggard, and my whole aspect must have plainly indicated a night in a gambling-house. My countenances doubtless betrayed the remorse then rankling in my heart. This was produced by recollections of the ruin I was bringing upon others whom it was my duty to

* Idler in Italy.

† Trall's Physical Geography.

† Parish's Pharmacologia.

cherish and to comfort. My mother was on the point of being dragged to prison for non-payment of a bond, ten times the amount of which I had squandered, or lost at play. I had sacrificed the trusting heart of my betrothed Lisette for the smiles of a coquette, to whom I had, on that very night, promised a present which would cost fifty pounds. To deepen the dye of my crimes, Lisette and her brother had travelled to Paris, and were in great distress, although a sum I borrowed of François, and which I had not repaid, would have rescued them from want.

Maddened by these reflections, I rushed to my lodging. It was there that the malady, the consequences of which I am about to detail, first seized me. Accidentally looking into the dressing-glass, I beheld my face frightfully distorted by remorse and dissipation. That vision so horrified me, that the impression remained after I withdrew my eyes from the glass. My own form continually appeared standing beside me. I was the slave of its actions. I had lost my will, my identity. I was nothing but an unembodied appendage of my own form. I had become a shadow in continual attendance upon a seeming substance which usurped my corporeal frame: I did whatever it liked, and went wherever it chose.*

In the *Rue Richelieu*—whither the form led me—Cornet, the professed gamester, approached. He shook hands with it. I heard these words—"Courage! you will have better luck next time. Luck, did I say? 'Tis certainty. Listen. A pigeon has flown back from London; and to-night we intend plucking his first feather at Estelle's soirée. Bring up your fifty louis. I have raised a hundred, and Coquin will be ready with eighty more. If we cannot finish him with *écarté*, we mean to adjourn to *S—*'s, and clear him out with roulette and *poule-billiards*!" The gambler moved on. He passed me unnoticed, paying his respects to my other self.

On the same morning, a matronly lady-like person, recently arrived from a northern province, was seated alone in an obscure apartment of the Hotel de Clair Fontaine. Her health was evidently impaired, and grief had committed sad ravages on her once handsome face. She was trying to peruse and comprehend the copy of a law-deed; but her tears fell too fast to read, and her heart was too full of trouble to understand the writing before her. A respectful tap was heard at the door, and presently a person, bearing a huge box of papers, presented himself. He took exactly three steps into the room, and having made an elegant bow, advanced to the table, where he deposited the box; out of which, the excessive neatness of his dress, and superlative precision of his manner, might have led one to believe he had just stepped.

"Madame Folarte!" inquired the notary; for such he was.

The lady bowed, and motioned the visitor to a seat. "I trust I have the pleasure to see you in perfect health," began the lawyer. "I take the liberty of intruding myself upon you concerning a matter of trifling importance."

Madame Folarte's whole frame was convulsed with a sudden shudder; for the man, as he spoke, cast his eyes on the deed that lay on the table. "Then this is the last day!" she ejaculated.

"Pardon me, madame, I shall have the honour to occupy your valuable time precisely twenty minutes." The notary then took a watch from his waistcoat pocket, and placed it beside him.

"I know too well the object of your being here. In a word, you must tell the creditor—Monsieur Durand, I believe—that I have not been able to raise the money."

"It gives me infinite pain to hear you say so. Allow me to offer you a pinch of snuff—it is genuine, believe me."

"Our notary, too," continued the unhappy lady, "is unfortunately confined by illness. But my son—I have not been successful in seeking him out yet. He will advance the money."

"By twelve o'clock to-day!"

"I may not find him by that time. I have been here four days without seeing him. I have sent frequently. He is seldom at home."

Bless me, how extremely unlucky; the court of assize broke up at seven last evening for the session, and unless we proceed against you before mid-day, we shall not be able to arrest you till the next sitting. Hence you see, madame, you must be so extremely obliging as to pay in the cash before then, or we shall not have time to procure the necessary letters of execution."

"What will be the consequences?" exclaimed Madame Folarte, bursting into tears.

"By a quarter past eleven, we shall have procured the writs; and at twelve, the bailiff with his follower will have the honour of calling for you. But, bless me, a most lucky circumstance: I have an appointment with a client, who is in St Pelagie. Will you allow me to do myself the pleasure of offering you a seat in my cab? The bailiff can ride behind."

Madame Folarte, completely stupefied with the horrors that too surely awaited her, was unable to answer.

"Indeed, I shall be most happy," continued the

imperturbable lawyer. "About twelve—perhaps five minutes later—we shall be with you. Permit me to hope that, provided the money shall not have been paid into court by that time, you will have made your out-door toilet. And now, madame, nothing remains for me but the pleasure of wishing you good day." The pattern of legal politeness then left the room with the languishing air of a dancer making his adieu to his partner.

While this scene was being enacted, I was conducted by my second self into the shop of the jeweller of whom the tiara I intended to present to Estelle had been ordered. The chief assistant stretched his long neck over the row of customers that lined the counter, to say, "The tiara Monsieur ordered is ready. Monsieur shall be attended to as soon as it is possible." He thought he was going to receive ready money, for a chair was promptly handed. We preferred standing at the door.

"Here are the jewels," said the man as he approached; "they are of the finest water, and elegantly set. The price two thousand francs only."

For the first time it spoke, and I heard my own voice as if from another's lips. I shuddered. The bargain was made. Twenty-five louis were to be paid at once, the rest in fifteen days. The shopman retired to pack up the purchase. Several carriages had stopped in the street on account of some obstruction. Suddenly a shriek, loud, piercing, and to me familiar, entered my brain, and went straight to my heart! I saw a bitter smile pass over my companion's—my own countenance. A man, who had alighted from some vehicle, accosted us. He took off his hat. "I trust Monsieur will excuse a perfect stranger taking the liberty to address him; but a lady, whom I have the honour to escort to St Pelagie, desired—before she fainted in my cab—to have the pleasure of speaking to Monsieur!"

That lady was my mother, arrested for a debt I had neglected to pay! She came tottering along the pavement to embrace me, but in the attempt sank on the ground. Not at all affected by the scene, my ever ready double said in the calmest accents to the little man—"Take her away," and the official did as he was bid!

A moment before, the jeweller's man put forth the trinket in one hand, but instantly drew it back on seeing the transaction without. His thoughts were easily guessed to be these: "A person who cannot afford to rescue his parent from prison, will hardly be able to pay a balance for jewellery."

"What, sir; do you doubt my honour?" said, as I thought, my other self, with a supreme assumption of indignation. Twenty-five louis were thrown jingling on the counter, and the tradesman was conquered. The present for Estelle was gained.

Meanwhile two other victims of my errors were suffering the pangs of poverty in their severest acuteness. In a miserable attic, in the most wretched quarter of Paris, a young man—his form attenuated, his visage wan—was earnestly engaged in making alterations in a romance of his own composition. He had pursued the task as long as his fast-failing strength would permit; but that was at length exhausted, and he covered his face with his thin starved-looking fingers, to rest upon them a head aching with mental anxiety and physical weakness. Poverty, the fiend whose galling influence he bitterly bewailed, seemed to have left him a moment's comparative happiness; he appeared to have sunk into obliviousness. Thrice miserable state, to render forgetfulness a blessing!

Even this was denied for any length of time; a faint voice from a bed which stood in a corner of the room awoke him to all the horrors of his lot. "Dear brother," it whispered, "you, too, are ill!"

"No, no; not ill," said the youth hurriedly, as he approached the bed; "not ill, dear Lisette, but—"

"Faint, sinking, François!" then suddenly recollecting herself, she exclaimed, "Alas! you have not tasted food for two days!" She fell on the pillow, and bathed it in tears.

"Lisette, Lisette, be of good heart," replied the brother. "Indeed I am not suffering on that account. Soon will these miseries be ended. Yes, yes," he continued, his eye brightening with a ray of hope, as he glanced towards the manuscript, "Monsieur Debit, the publisher, has promised—positively passed his word—that when complete, he will purchase my romance. Nay, the price is agreed on—two thousand francs. To-morrow evening we shall be possessed of two thousand francs! Think of that, sister."

"Would we had one franc now," interrupted Lisette mournfully. "But you have at last made known our wretched state. Your letter to Folarte!"

"Name him not! He it is who has brought all these miseries upon us. Ah, all—my poverty, your illness. Oh, sister, he is unworthy of the sighs, the tears you have shed for him! Besides, his dishonesty to me, his attentions to the woman he calls Estelle, ought to—"

"François, this must not be; you think too hardly of our cousin. My heart is indeed breaking—not because he is lost to me, but because he is lost to himself. The terrible vice of gaming has for a time blackened his heart. But he will be here yet. I know he will. My own heart tells me so."

"Not while he has a louis left to gamble with. Let us not think of him. I will resume my task."

François had scarcely uttered those words before

we entered his room. On beholding what he thought to be me, he threw himself into an attitude of defiance; the girl shrieked, and hid her head under the bed-clothes. There was a pause. Lisette was the first to speak. "François, I, your sister, so dear to you, implore you to receive him with kindness. He has come to relieve us—to pay you."

My other self smiled bitterly while placing a packet on the table.

"If such be your intention," said the poor author, "leave us the money, and depart!"

"I have none," was the answer.

"Wretch!" continued François, sinking into the chair, overpowered with excitement and bodily weakness; "if you come here to glory in the misery thou hast caused, thy triumph shall be complete! I am starving, and Lisette is on her deathbed."

"I cannot help either," was the reply.

"Cousin," murmured the girl, grasping the hand of that which represented my person, "hear me. The money you borrowed of my brother will save him—myself nothing can save; my disease lies too deep for human riches or human skill. He has sacrificed all for my sake; let him not perish; he has not tasted food for two days. Give him some money!"

"It is all gone—lost."

"All! Sell something to buy bread for my dear brother. Yes, yes; I know you will. Have you nothing that will fetch money?"

"Nothing."

"Hypocrite! liar!" shouted François with unnatural energy; "that case contains jewels, possibly a present for—"

"For whom?" asked the maiden, almost frantic with joy at so near a prospect of relief.

My representative, deliberately taking up the packet, said, "For Estelle!"

There was a terrible shriek! Our exit was impeded on the stairs by a man ascending them. François was heard to exclaim in the greatest agony, "Help! Help! She has swooned; she is—dead!"

I began to hope that the imaginary being who now seemed to control my actions had done its worst, in exhibiting to me the direful effects of my crimes. But it was not so. I was doomed to follow it to the house of feasting and revelry—to Estelle's soirée. What a contrast was here presented to the wretched abode so lately visited! Smiling faces, laughing voices, and gay forms flitted across my sight and rang in my ears; whilst recollections of misery, want, death, rankled in my bosom. Yes, so it was. My heart and conscience were still left to gall and accuse me; but my will, with the power to answer its dictates, had passed to another. The bitterness of remorse corroded my mind, unmitigated by the few pleasures derivable from participation in guilt.

Estelle Lemartine was one of those equivocal persons whom the peculiar constitution of society in the French capital renders as abundant as their characters are difficult to estimate. She was lively, without levity; gay, and not dissipated. Though her house was constantly resorted to by the most notorious dissipation of both sexes in Paris, yet her own fair fame had never been materially impaired. She countenanced gaming, without practising it; and forwarded almost every kind of intrigue, adroitly escaping from each adventure without reproach. Young, handsome, a widow, and consequently her own mistress, Estelle's bitterest enemy could say no worse of her than that she was a consummate coquette.

There were music and dancing. Screened off from the rest of the room was an *ecarté* table, at which Cornet, Coquin, and two others, were seated at play. It led me behind the screen, from which we looked on upon the game, unobserved by others. Estelle suddenly tripped away from a group of dancers to greet one of the card players.

"Ah!" she ejaculated, with a smile that seemed to radiate over the whole of her expressive form—"ah! when did you return from London, my dear Theodore?"

Her "dear" Theodore!

"Hast thou been to the top of St Paul's? Did you hear Grisi! or have the London fogs spoiled her voice! Had brought over a new cab and an English tiger! But I had forgotten," continued Estelle, giving her head a pettish toss; "I am affronted with you. You have put down your mustachios, and you know I admired them."

"True; but my allegiance to your taste cost me, on two occasions, my liberty. I was twice mistaken for a London swindler."

Questions now poured in upon the traveller from all sides; till, putting both hands to his ears, he exclaimed, "Silence! ere I am stunned. You shall know all in time. I intend arranging some hasty notes for publication, and it will be a most interesting book, believe me. Having been received with the greatest hospitality in many excellent private families, I shall be able to give extremely entertaining sketches of the ladies' foibles, with some satire on the vices and ill-breeding of the men. I shall draw up a lucid detail of the present state and prospects of the country, for I conversed in English with the principal secretary of the Interior for more than half an hour. At a *table d'hôte*, I heard authentic anecdotes of the court, and took great pains to be introduced to several literary characters. In short, my work will be a valuable record of every particular relating to the British empire; and I mean to call it—"

* However improbable it may seem for a person of disordered mind to fancy he is haunted by his own form, yet the circumstance is perfectly true.—Ed.

† The debtors' prison of Paris.

"What?" interrupted a dozen eager voices.
 "A Fortnight in London."

At this moment Estelle beheld us. She ran up to my other self with a greater appearance of delight than she had evinced even towards Theodore. She called to her dear Albert, with a great deal more apparent fervour than when she addressed the other as her dear Theodore! She laid her hand upon his shoulder, was grateful for the jewels, and betrayed every token of affection, but in the midst of these expressions, slid away to wait with my rival.

"You here?" ejaculated Cornet, starting suddenly back, and frowning angrily upon my representative.

"And why not?" said my voice calmly. "Did I not appoint to come?"

"Let us withdraw from this throng, and I'll tell you why you ought not to be here," was the reply, as we sat down at the deserted *carte table*.

"Folarte, you are a madman. Nay, worse; I dare not say how much worse. I know all; though I should be the last to speak. I am a gambler by profession. I have helped to ruin many. I have won by fair means or foul the last centime from the foolish wretch, whose corpse has, an hour after, been dragged out of the Seine; I have seen the starving wife cling in frantic supplication to the arm of her husband, and piteously beg for one franc of the sum that jingled in his pocket, which I knew roulette and loaded dice would soon make mine; but," he continued, "I have never before beheld such a spectacle as your conduct presents. A mother in prison, a cousin and his betrothed sister; one starving, the other dying, perhaps dead; and you, the cause of all this, here—among the gay, paying your homage to beauty, and buying its favours with the liberty of your parent and the bread of your consins; indulging your passion, at the expense of every feeling that makes us human, for a woman who metes out her love by the length of her lovers' purses. My own crimes are, indeed, many and great, but none of them unnatural!"

The torturing remorse this lecture inflicted upon my heart was doubly increased by its being made by a man I knew to be one of the veriest wretches in creation. At this moment Theodore and Estelle whirled past in a rapid waltz, during which the tiara fell from her head. It became entangled with their feet, and she kicked it out of the way. It rose to pick up the jewels; on looking around, the two waltzers had disappeared. They had whirled into an adjoining apartment. I followed without a moment's delay. Jewels and presents from England lay scattered on the table. I saw that which convinced me my happiness was wrecked. Cornet, who was behind, burst into a loud laugh; Estelle screamed at my wild appearance; and a cold, writhing smile passed over my own countenance. My flashing eyes exchanged one look with Theodore, another with Cornet. Those glances arranged everything—there was to be a duel!

"The plains of Grenelle in an hour," said my voice, as if to ratify the engagement.

Theodore bowed.

Cornet was prevailed on, after some difficulty, to become my second. On our way to the rendezvous, we called at his lodgings for pistols. During our walk, my mind was fully occupied. It had leisure; for Cornet was busily talking to my corporeal self about the preliminaries of the field. From the time of the occurrence opposite the jeweller's until that moment, I had almost taken the extraordinary separation, as it were, of my existence as a matter of course. Now, I was about to undergo an ordeal that would expel all illusion from my mind, if I had a doubt; but I had none. "There it is," thought I; "I can see it. Yet how! I behold my own eyes as if in another's head. Whence, then, do I derive the power that makes me see it? Incomprehensible! Perhaps it will be struck with the adversary's ball. Will that hurt me?—what a question!"

We arrived at Grenelle in time. There was just light enough. The morning was beginning to break; and everything was managed with great exactness. The seconds were evidently used to it; both being gamblers by profession, this was a part of their business. The figure of myself took a station marked out by Cornet, and carefully examined the weapon. The precise moment had arrived.

"Fire," shouted Cornet.

Suddenly I felt a tremendous blow, as if a heavy club had violently struck my left shoulder. My throat was instantly dried up. I cried for water. I had fallen. I was shot, and at that instant I no longer beheld the reflection of my own form!

Sanity had, however, only returned for an instant, for the pain rendered me unconscious; and on being removed to my lodgings, fever succeeded. I lay in a state of partial insensibility for nine weeks, and, meantime, my case had been reported to the School of Doctors, who called it "monomania." Of that, I return thanks to heaven, I was completely cured; but what rejoices me most is, that everything is forgiven. My mother is restored to liberty. Lisette had only swooned in the attic, when her brother exclaimed she was dead; and has recovered. Francois is no longer poor. It happened thus:—

The notary who hurried my mother to prison had shamefully accumulated costs, and misrepresented the case to his client. On learning the truth, Monsieur Durand immediately abandoned his action, and also provided good tenants for both our farms, the one at Guineas, the other for that in the commune of Ar-

dengon. He has given us ample time for payment of the debt, to recover which the rascally notary persuaded him to sue. From the moment of my sudden and heartless departure from Francois' miserable home, his circumstances improved. The person I met on the stairs was the publisher Dèbit. He had heard of my cousin's extreme poverty, and not having seen him for many days, thought something had happened, and sought him out. On the spot, he purchased and paid for the copyright of the romance, and the poor author's fortune was made. A physician was instantly provided for Lisette, and she soon recovered.

None but those who have experienced them, can know the soothing, calm, happiness-imparting influences of repentance. It is a sudden change from the purgatory of sin to the beatitude of virtue. That it is which now makes me feel so happy. Yet I have one trouble left—I have wronged Lisette too deeply ever to hope forgiveness.

ALBERT FOLARTE.

Thus much of this history is narrated by its hero. I received it from his own hands in a manuscript I have translated almost literally, which will account for the French construction of some of the sentences. I will now proceed to relate the sequel.

Whoever has traversed from Guines to the picturesque little village of Ardengon, about seven miles east of Calais, cannot have failed to observe—in a cross road turning off opposite a representation of the Crucifixion rudely carved in wood, with a heap of miniature crosses strewn at its foot—a spacious house, having a garden of some extent, whose only boundary is a quadrangle of stately trees. That, reader, is the patrimonial residence of Albert Folarte. He is now happily settled in life, with Lisette as his helpmate. Madame Folarte still lives in peace and contentedness with her son. The cousin, whom we have called Francois, is now one of the most popular writers in France, and several of his romances have been translated into English.

"Here," said Albert, as he gave me his manuscript, "are heads of the events I have just been relating. The disorder, hideous as it was, I have always looked upon as a fortunate one. By its agency, I saw the folly, wickedness, and heartless cruelty of the mad career I was running. The duel arrested the progress of a delusion that must have otherwise ended in incurable and total derangement: the shock dismissed my imagined attendant; whilst the quantity of blood taken from me, to ward off a fatal fever which hourly impended, prevented its return. The delusion effected a moral cure: the bullet and lancet a physical one; for they cured me of a horrible monomania."

THE DUNNED POET.

GIAMBATTISTA CASTI, an Italian modern poet of celebrity—author of a whimsical production, entitled *Animali Parlanti*, which has been translated by Mr Stewart Rose into English, under the title of the *Court of Beasts*—had the misfortune one day to borrow three *Giuli* (pieces of the value of fivepence) from a Roman ice-dealer. It was stern necessity which reduced him to the act—he was a poor man, and had no other resource. If fortune had soon after begun to smile upon him, it might have been all very well, for then he should have been able to treat his creditor as creditors who wish their money back again ought to be treated, namely, to say to him, There's the paltry sum you have made such a racket about; adding sundry expressions designed to show how mean a wretch an importunate creditor is. But Casti continued poor, and was totally unable to indulge in this luxury of throwing the paltry coin back in the creditor's teeth: he was, on the contrary, exposed to a process of dunning, such as perhaps never debtor underwent before, inasmuch that he became at length unable to think of anything but the *Giuli Tre* and the inexorable ice-dealer. In these circumstances, it was the sole relief available to his wounded mind to commit the various hardships of his case to verse in the form of sonnets, of which, at the last, he compiled two hundred, all written in the purest of Italian. These have been published, and form one of the most favourite books in the light modern literature of Italy. It was a sweet revenge, and one with which the very victim of it might have been pleased rather than otherwise, if he had been a man of any soul—which the creditors of poets, however, never are. Thus the debt may be said to have been immortalised: we rather suspect it was never paid; at least the two hundredth sonnet concludes without one word as to the forthcoming of the coin. Casti ultimately rose in the world, and was poet-laureate to Francis II. of Austria; but probably long ere then the ice-dealer had died with the debt in the same predicament as his wares—unliquidated. If so, we can only hope that his ghost has had many a pleasant day of it, reflecting on the mirth which the affair has excited in living men.

The *Giuli Tre* has never been fully translated into our language; but two attempts have been made to

convey some idea of it to the English reader by means of extracts.* This is not the best plan for imparting the jest to any one, for much of that lies in the very profusion and protraction of it; but it is all which has yet been ventured on; and we, so far from doing more, can only propose to give a few specimens from the most amusing of those sonnets which have been translated.

Signor Casti thus begins to sing his woes:—

"I weep as I recall the day my Dun
 Lent me those fatal *Giuli Tre*: † he stood
 A full half hour in shilly-shallying mood,
 Poising them in his hand, and—one by one—
 Counting them o'er, as first he had begun.
 Even then I saw no human likelihood
 Of my repaying them—and I still see none.
 Small wonder, therefore, if I sometimes brood
 With bitter tears over my dismal fate,
 Reconnaiting and bewailing it;
 Loathing my food, which at such seasons I
 Exert myself in vain to masticate;
 And suffering in such style, as makes me fit
 For nothing but to go to bed, and—die!"—(D. U. M.)

In sonnet fifth, he complains that, having an ardent desire of renown, and of singing about arms and warriors, he is compelled to exchange those heroic subjects for the paltry *Giuli Tre*. Sonnet tenth is full of anger at his creditor:—

"I've said for ever, and again I say,
 And it's a truth as plain as truth can be,
 That from a certain period to this day,
 Pence are a family quite extinct with me.
 And yet you still pursue me, and waylay
 With your insufferable importunity,
 And for those— infernal *Giuli Tre*,
 Haunt me without remorse or decency.
 Perhaps you think that you'll torment me so,
 You'll make me hang myself? You wish to say
 You saw me *sus. per coll.*—no, *Giuli*; no.
 The fact is, I'll determine not to pay;
 And drive you, *Giuli*, to a state so low,
 That you shall hang yourself, and I be gay!"—(L. H.)

He then says (sonnet eleventh), that if he is in the company of beautiful girls, who delight to be talking with him, or if he picks out some solitary and quiet spot to take his walk in, wherever he is, in short, morning or evening, he cannot wean his memory from the *Giuli Tre*. The image of his creditor comes before him, and haunts him worse than Asmodeus or Beelzebub. In sonnet twelfth, he recommends any one who wishes to meet with the ice-dealer, to inquire where the poet is; the former having no other thought or occupation than the business of the *Giuli Tre*.

"Never did beetle hum so teasingly
 About one's ears, in walking, when it's hot;
 Never did fly return so to one spot,
 As comes my teasing creditor on me.
 Let it but rain, for instance, and you'll see
 The flies and beetles vanish like a shot;
 But never comes the time—the day is not—
 In which this vermin here will let me be.
 Perhaps, as bodies tend invariably
 Tow'rd other bodies by some force divine—
 Attraction, gravity, or centripathy,
 (God knows, I'm little versed in your right line),
 So, by some natural horrid property,
 This petty satellite tends towards me and mine!"—(L. H.)

In sonnet sixteenth, tormented by the *Giuli Tre* as Orestes was by the Furies, he speculates, like him, upon seeking repose in some other country. But, in the next, while bidding adieu to his dear friends, he is accosted by his creditor, who says he will go with him. He therefore gives up the project in despair. By and by, things suddenly brighten up. The poet is transported (sonnet nineteenth) with the intelligence that his creditor is going out of town. Now he sees him put his boots and spurs on! Now he mounts on horseback! Now his horse is in motion! He is gone, and the poet feels like a mariner when the storm has cleared away. He walks (sonnet twentieth) with freedom and delight all over the city, knowing that he will not be molested. He hopes that *Giuli Tre* has gone towards the coast, and that the Turks may find an opportunity of carrying him into slavery. Not that he wishes him ill: on the contrary, he would rejoice in his being promoted to a viziership, which may have the effect of fixing him in Turkey for ever. Sonnet twenty-first contains an apostrophe to the elements, intreating them to behave in their kindest manner, in order to facilitate the creditor's voyage. On the other hand, the voyage being finished, he trusts they become extremely furious, so as to prevent him, like Noah's dove, from ever returning. In next sonnet, he feels like a city after the raising of a siege. But this halcyon period is soon to end. Sonnet twenty-third—a letter by post from the creditor, telling him to get ready the three *Giuli*, as he will be in town by Sunday or Monday at farthest. "Poffaredio!" exclaims the ill-starred poet; "the fellow has found out a way of tormenting me at a distance." This he compares, in next sonnet, to a mode there is of conveying poison by letter.

In sonnet forty-sixth he discusses the question, whether his creditor be a greater scoundrel than an Algerine pirate; and thinks that he is, because the pirate is satisfied with robbing a man of what he has,

* By Mr Leigh Hunt, and the writer of an article in the Dublin University Magazine. In the following extracts from those series, initials are used to distinguish the respective translators.

† The Magazine translator makes this into three half crowns—a bad change, we think, in as far as much of the humour of the whole affair lies in the smallness of the debt. Not only for that reason, but for uniformity, we assume liberty to restore the actual sum.

whereas his creditor wishes to rob him of what he has not, and never can have—namely, three Giulii. Afterwards he goes on thus:—

"Some fine May morn you wake, and find a small
Pimple established on your neck—or nose—
Thereof at first you nothing think at all;
But waken soon, and your pally pimple shows
Itself a tumour, the which grows and grows,
Till, waxing bigger than a cannon-ball,
Like that, it lays you on your back—nor goes
Till you go with it—under plumes and pall.
'Twas thus, and 'tis with me in this case. When
I first incurred my debt, it seemed a trifle—
A nothing—a mere pimple, so to say;
Now 'tis a tumour—an enormous war—
An incubus—a mountain—and will stifle
My very life and soul, I think, some day."—(D. U. M.)

Can it be an influence of the nature of climate which makes his persecutor so troublesome?

"One fact, I'm very clear, I may set down
As proved—to wit, that, travel in what line
You please, you'll meet no creditor like mine,
Even though you ransack every land and town:
On which account I oftentimes pine,
That if climate, skies, and temperature combine
To make some nations black and others brown,
This people fierce, and 't'other just as meek;
The Thracian proud and greedy of renown,
The Assyrian indolent, the Frenchman gay,
There may be in this Roman atmosphere
An influential something, so to speak,
Which renders debtors averse to pay,
And creditors remorselessly severe."—(D. U. M.)

Thus he runs on from one thought to another, placing his case in every sort of light. Once happy, he wrote no verse: now miserable, his groans escape him in sonnets. His former stoicism long since gone, he feels like the lion with the gad-fly in its ear. He envies the state of an infant, because it knows nothing of Giulii Tre. He laments that early condition of the world in which there was a community of goods, and denounces the avidity which now deluges the earth with miseries, and subjects him, in particular, to all the evils of the Giulii Tre. He thinks of marrying, but is deterred by a conviction that his children would all resemble his creditor, so that he should see creditings constantly dancing about him. A friend takes him to see the antiquities in the Capitol, but he is put to flight by seeing a statue resembling his creditor. He wishes (79th) that some logician, who understands the art of persuading people, would be charitable enough to suggest to him some syllogism, or other form of argument, which may enable him to prove to his creditor the impossibility of paying money when a man has not got it. Science, learning, and ancient history, are all brought in to illustrate his unhappy predicament:—

"Let doctors dissertate about attraction,
And preach long lectures upon gravitation,
Indulging thereanent in speculation;
For which no human being cares one fraction—
'Tis all mere twaddle talk and iteration:
There never yet was any explanation
To anybody's perfect satisfaction.
However, this I stubbornly believe—
And, for the proof thereof, see no great need
To take down Isaac Newton from the shelf—
That, move whither I will, noon, morn, or eve,
I manage to attract, with awful speed,
My Giulii Tre tormentor towards myself!"—(D. U. M.)

"Often and often have I understood
From Galen's readers and Hippocrates's,
That there are certain seasons in diseases
In which the patient oughtn't to lose blood.
Whether the reason that they give be good,
Or doctors square their practice to the theory,
I know not: nor is this the best of places
For arguing on that matter, as I could.
All that I know is this, that Giulii Tre
Has no such scruple or regard with me,
Nor holds the rule himself: for every day
He does his best, and that most horribly.
To make me lose my cash; which, I must say,
Has, with one's blood, some strange affinity."—(L. H.)

Thus he lectures on a well-known maxim of Juvenal:—

"The tinjaw traveller, as he logs along
The highway on some fine September morn,
Strong in his pauperism, can laugh to scorn
The rich man's fears of robbery and wrong:
The footpad hears the rascal's merry song,
And let's him pass in peace, as one forlorn.
But you, oh, pitiless wretch! with heart of horn,
Ring ever in my ears the darg-ding-dong
Of your vile Giulii Tre, albeit I hold
My shrunken purse before you upside down,
And turn my small-clothes' pocket inside out;
And swear ten oaths that all my hopes of gold,
Silver, and copper, in the shape of crown,
Pound, penny, or pistole, are down the gout!"—(D. U. M.)

"They tell this most characteristic story
Concerning Cicero, called also Tully,
That he, in virtue of his oratory,
Would never pay a debt, however fully
Made out; but that, when badgered by a bore, he
Would mount the rostrum, talk about his glory,
Protest that forking out the blunt would sully
His honour bright; in short, so coax and bully,
That even his creditor walked off enchanted.
O, happy Cicero, thrice-favoured man,
To whom this grand gift of the gab was granted!
Unlike to me, whose logic, for my sins,
Falls woefully; for, twaddle all I can,
My creditor, the blackguard, only grins."—(D. U. M.)

It occurs to our poet (128th), that, as Languedoc was so called from the use of the particle *oc* in that country, as writers in other parts of France used to be called writers of *oui*, and as Italy is denominated the land of *si* (all of these particles signifying *yes*), so his own language, from his constant habit of using the negative particle to his creditor, ought to be called the language of *no*. He afterwards hears that his creditor has taken to learning French, and surmises that the

object must be to try the effect of a new language in the business of dunning. There is no trusting to first appearances in this man:—

"My creditor seems often in a way
Extremely pleasant with me, and polite;
Just like a friend; you'd fancy, at first sight,
He thought no longer of the Giulii Tre.
All that he wants to know is, what they say
Of Frederick now; whether his goose was right
About the selling of the French that night;
Or what's the news of Hanover and D'Estroës.
But start from whence he may, he comes as truly,
By little and by little, to his ancient pose,
And says, 'Well, when am I to have the Giulii?'
'Tis the cat's way. She takes her mouse, alas!
And having perused, and eyed, and tapped him duly,
Gives him at length the fatal coup de grace."—(L. H.)

One of the most ingenious of the scientific speculations is the following:—

"It seems that at the Pole, in winter time,
When days are shortest, anything you say,
It don't much matter whether prose or rhyme,
Dies on the frozen air unheard away,
Till summer comes, when, on the first fine day
That visits that most hyperborean clime,
Same air dissolves, and without more delay
Out come the words of your past perambles.
Pondering on this, I've sometimes fancied, if
My creditor and I were there together
Some winter, and his talk were frozen stiff,
How much it would astonish and astound
The Fokers, when they'd hear, in warmer weather,
Ten thousand calls for Giulii Tre all round!"—(D. U. M.)

And thus the bard might, to all appearance, have gone on rhyming for ever, if Apollo had not appeared to him in the two hundredth sonnet, and remonstrated against his wasting his time further on so trivial a subject. He ends, accordingly, bidding a friendly farewell to his creditor, but holding forth to him no prospect of re-imbursement. It is to be hoped that the poet not long after found himself in cash, and satisfied the ice-dealer—an act which, we believe, must have conducted much to his comfort, however poorly it might have told in his verse.

CONTROVERSIAL FICTIONS.

It has become a practice of late years to write tales for the enforcement of almost all kinds of speculative ideas. They are generally said to be illustrations of the particular ideas to which they respectively refer; but the assumption always is, that the current and issue of the story afford a species of evidence in demonstration of the absolute truth of the ideas. For instance, a writer, convinced of the evils of early marriages and over-crowded population, writes a tale in which these evils are, as it were, exemplified in a particular case. The story is a most affecting one, considered merely as a story; it speaks strongly for the heart as well as the head of the author; and no one can deny that, if the circumstances occurred in actual life, they would form one instance towards a proof of the soundness of the views adopted. But they are not set forth as even that one true instance. The whole is a production of the writer's imagination, and it would be as easy to set forth an imaginary case to the very opposite effect. A couple, for instance, might be represented as marrying young and poor, and as thriving nevertheless; and as such things have been, there would be no greater improbability in the one case than in the other. Suppose two such tales actually written, and the readers of each respectively rising from the perusal with the conviction that early marriages were commendable and non-commendable transactions—which would only be what the writers respectively desired—what benefit would truth derive from the labours of these writers? Would she not be just where she was before?

Let us take another case, in which the object is to satirise a particular department of society. A writer, convinced that the class of master manufacturers is composed of a species of civilised ogres, who feed themselves fat on the sweat and blood of their fellow-creatures, draws up a pre-fabricated fictitious story, in which these men are represented accordingly; the picture being made the more piquant by a spicery of comic effect, drawn from their vulgar manners and mean ambitions. This is given out, and by many received, as something very conclusive against the master manufacturers. But is it really so? Certainly not in the eyes of strict reason. Even were we assured that one actual living person was described, we should still have to consider that one is no fair criterion. He might be a specimen of the worst of his class, not of the best, or even the indifferent. The "spicery" may be only an industrious collection of eccentricities from a great multitude, not a picture of the ordinary manners of any individual. But, more probably, both the characters and their oddities are mere figments of the imagination—at least we cannot be sure of the reverse, the writer professing writing only a fiction, all the time that he wishes us to be affected as we would be by a series of truths. The story, then, may be very clever, very mirth-provoking, and perhaps very successful in deepening prejudices which already exist, or implanting them for the first time in the breasts of those who do not think for themselves; but we must confess that we cannot see what it does for truth or reason.

A novelist of uncommonly fascinating powers lately endeavoured to accomplish the double end of depreciating the middle, and exalting the higher classes of English society. From the former he selected a hero of the meanest moral qualities and tastes—an ungainly

vulgar wretch, whom it is impossible to contemplate without leaching: this person he surrounded by others of his own class, chiefly grabbing cheating shopkeepers and Newgate attorneys. Against these were placed a paragon family of the higher gentry, a paragon rural clergyman, and a set of paragon servants and dependents. All was roguery and vulgarity on the one side, and all purity, benevolence, gentleness, and high principles on the other. And this was, of course, intended to have the effect of an argument in favour of the conclusion, that English virtue is now to be found chiefly, if not solely, in the uppermost classes, and in those who immediately depend upon them. Is there, in reality, any such conclusion to be fairly drawn from such premises? May we not rather say—and say it without the ridicule attached to a former instance of the declaration—that such a fiction proves nothing? It is obvious to the simplest consideration, that the choice of representatives from the different classes depends entirely on the caprice of the novelist. From a prepossession of taste in favour of the one class, and a prejudice of taste against the other, he may have selected the best of the one and the worst of the other. Or he may—and this is equally probable; at least we have no assurance against it—have drawn characters wholly imaginary. But to settle at once the superciliousness of the whole matter, we have only to call to remembrance how many virtuous persons are to be found in the middle classes, and how many of the reverse in the higher classes, and how easy it would be to draw up a counter fiction, with characters reversed. The aristocracy, whatever be their general character as a body, could of course furnish a hero sufficiently detestable—a sensual, unreflecting, policeman-felling, creditor-cheating abomination. The mercantile class, whatever be its general character as a body, could of course furnish a family or two of the utmost purity, benevolence, gentleness, and not only high principle, but high-mindedness. This counter fiction would, of course, be no improvement upon the other with respect to the truth of its pictures. Both, in short, it is evident, would leave the question, as to the character of those classes, exactly where they found it.

It appears, then, to us, that fictions designed to illustrate particular speculative ideas, are mere pieces of special pleading, and that of a bad kind; for, as the writer is not bound to speak soothfastly on any point in a professed fiction, it is impossible to depend upon a single statement in the document, which can scarcely be the case in most other special pleadings. Such pleadings may have their contemplated effect in imposing on impressionable minds, and riveting existing prejudices; but, with regard to reason, they are absolutely nil. On such points, the only means of ascertaining truth, and convincing rational persons that it is ascertained, is to gather a sufficient amount of facts, and present these in the spirit of candour and sincerity.

Is fiction, then, unfit to be employed in illustrating any dogma whatever? Assuredly not. But its utility in this respect seems to be confined to certain opinions about which the enlightened part of mankind are generally agreed. For example, the principal maxims of morality may be well illustrated by fiction, for there the business is not to prove the proposition, that being settled otherwise, but only to show its application in real life—a matter about which hardly any difference of opinion can exist. It is only in controversial matters—things about which mankind are, and probably ever will be, divided in opinion—that the attempt to enforce a particular view, by a capricious selection of imaginary characters and incidents, appears so useless, and therefore so absurd.

AN ANECDOTE OF SHETLAND LIFE.

It was a beautiful day last year, early in autumn, before harvest work in this northern region had commenced, that a young and merry party crossed the bleak hills of one of the remote Shetland isles, from the most northerly dwelling of man in her majesty's dominions, towards the parish church—for so is here the custom—to witness the ceremony of marriage between two of their number. The bride was a lovely girl, in her nineteenth year. She was in a simple dress of white—white shawl, white satin ribbons in her neat cap, and the rather unusual finery for a cottage maid (a present, however), of white kid gloves. Her whole appearance was strikingly prepossessing; and in face, figure, and demeanour, would, I thought, have adorned a much higher station. Her bridegroom was a few years older, and their courtship had been even from the days of childhood. Some circumstances had occurred to defer their union for a few months beyond the time intended, but at length they stood before the minister who was to join their lot in one. Part of their landlord's family met them at church, to officiate as bride's-maid and man; and the whole party, including a son of a well-known and much-respected ornament of the law in Edinburgh, who happened to be on a visit to the island, soon retraced their steps to the hyperborean cottage to spend the evening in dancing, and other amusements suitable to the occasion. Healths were pledged to the happiness of the youthful pair of course, but we rarely find intemperance sullying such meetings in Shetland. The newly united couple were poor in worldly goods, but he was a clever and adventurous fisherman, and she had been brought up to be frugal and industrious, and they had mutual love in strength and purity to light them on

their path through "the world that was before them." So, after a few days, they repaired to their future home, in the cottage of the bridegroom's father. It was about the same time this year I saw the youthful mother carry her first-born to church for baptism, though a little paler than when she stood in the same spot a bride; yet she looked all the more interesting. Once more she was in the same white dress; and I marked the blush of modest pride that flushed her cheek, as she sought and caught her father's eye, while the name of her mother was pronounced over her child. The responsive tear trembled in my own eye, as I marked her filling, and my heart echoed the prayer that no doubt swelled in the young and happy parents' hearts.

Not many weeks afterwards, when the cheerful festivities of Christmas were just approaching, after many days of stormy unsettled weather, a calm lovely morning invited my favourite Agnes to visit her own father's house for the few short hours of daylight which this season affords. Every object was reflected in the calm bright mirror of the placid ocean, and the air was balmy as on a day in June. She took her child in her arms, and left her husband with his father and brother engaged on some little work of husbandry on their small farm. She called to him cheerfully as she passed at a little distance, to come for her before the evening darkened, and he returned an affectionate assent. Alas, for the young hearts severed then for ever!

Very shortly after Agnes's departure, some of their neighbours proposed to go to the fishing, and two lads from a little distance arriving, with their tackle and bait, without waiting for their own usual boat-fellows, as the forenoon was advancing, the father and two sons I have mentioned set off, in company with another boat, to the fishing-ground, six miles off the north point of the land. They had nearly reached the spot, when a sudden storm arose. The tide was at the full, and the force of the north Atlantic rushed in with the speed of a whirlwind on the poor devoted crews. One of the boats was well-manned, and reached the land in safety; but in the little bark wherein was Agnes's husband, he and his brother were the only efficient men—their aged father, and the two lads above alluded to, composing all the crew. They were never heard of; the deep and turbid sea, doubtless, overwhelmed them; and till the day when the "sea shall give up her dead," how they met their fate can never be known.

We shall draw a veil over the sorrows of the heart-stricken survivors of the catastrophe—the aged and desolate woman bereft of her husband and both her sons; a destitute widow and large family of one of them; a youthful bride of one of the younger men; a despairing mother of the other, who has, in him, lost her only surviving stay, having two years ago, by a precisely similar catastrophe, had to mourn for husband, son, and son-in-law; and last, though not least, the poor Agnes, on whose little story I have been dwelling with melancholy interest. What were her feelings when the fierce and sudden storm arose, sweeping over the waste of waters she was gazing on! She believed her husband safe on shore! First came to her ear reports that boats were gone to sea. Who were in them! When the one boat arrived, the hardy crew, utterly exhausted with the efforts for their lives, the alarm was raised, and very shortly it became evident that the other would never reach the land. The storm subsided almost as rapidly as it had risen; but its appointed work was accomplished; and under the all-wise direction of the Ruler of wind and waves, it had summoned to His dread tribunal the souls of these poor fishermen.

Poor Agnes; with what feelings shall I look on her pale expressive countenance, now clad in the weeds of heartfelt sorrow. She remains in the dwelling of her father, of which she was the pride and joy, and where she is now not the less tenderly cherished, because of her irreparable misfortune.

STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

[From the Times newspaper of March 31.]

We have received a copy of the *United States Almanac* for 1843, which contains some curious and much valuable information in regard to the population, products, trades, manufactures, commerce, debt, &c., of the republic. In the first part of the work there is a very comprehensive calendar, and a number of useful mathematical and astronomical tables; while the second part, which extends over 235 pages, is devoted entirely to statistics. It is to the last portion of the almanac to which we shall direct our attention.

According to the census of 1840, the population of the United States was, in that year, 17,068,666. The number of "free white persons" amounted to 14,189,106; of whom 7,249,266 were males, and 6,939,842 females. The number of "free coloured persons" amounted to 386,245, of which 186,467 were males, and 199,778 females. The number of slaves amounted to 2,497,213; of whom 1,246,408 were males, and 1,240,805 females; 476 white males, and 315 white females; 286 free coloured males, and 361 free coloured females; and 763 male slaves, and 580 female slaves, were 100 years of age and upwards. There were, amongst the white population, 6,682 individuals both deaf and dumb, and 977 amongst the slaves and coloured persons. 5,924 whites were blind, and 1,892 slaves and coloured persons. 4,329 whites were insane, or idiots at the public charge, and 10,179 at the charge of

private individuals. 833 slaves and coloured persons were insane, or idiots at the public charge, and 2,093 at the charge of private individuals. There were 173 universities or colleges, with 16,233 students; 3,242 academies and grammar-schools, with 164,150 students; and 47,200 primary and common schools, with 1,845,244 scholars. 468,264 scholars were educated at the public charge; and 549,693 white persons were found, over 20 years of age, who could neither read nor write. In the same table with the deaf, dumb, blind, insane, and idiots, we find the following entry:—"Total number of pensioners for revolutionary or military services, 20,797." From 1830 to 1840 the whites had increased 3,662,860, or at the rate of 34 per cent.; the coloured persons had increased 65,646, or at the rate of 201 per cent.; and the slaves, within the same period, had increased 479,170, or at the rate of 233 per cent. The average rate of increase of the whole population, on each 10 of the last 50 years, has been 34 15-100ths per cent., and at the same rate our author, who likes to look ahead, calculates that the number of the inhabitants in the United States in the year 1870 will amount to 41,070,363, to a unit. The number of persons employed in mining is stated at 15,203; in agriculture, 3,717,756; in commerce, 117,575; in manufactures and trades, 791,545; in the navigation of the ocean, 56,025; in the navigation of lakes, rivers, and canals, 33,067; and in the learned professions, 65,236. But it is clear that this table must be very imperfect, for it leaves a vast mass of the population to whom it assigns no occupation of any kind.

We now turn from the population to the products of the United States. The capital invested in iron mines amounted, when the returns were made up, to 20,432,131 dollars; and the quantity of that metal produced was 286,903 tons of cast, and 197,233 tons of bar iron during the year. The capital invested in lead mines was 1,346,756 dollars, and 31,289,453 pounds of lead were produced. In gold mines, 234,325 dollars were invested, and gold to the value of 529,605 dollars was produced. Capital to the amount of 238,980 dollars was employed in mining for other metals, and the value of the produce was 370,614 dollars. The capital invested in the anthracite coal mines was 4,355,602 dollars, and in the bituminous coal mines 1,868,862 dollars; and the produce was 863,489 tons of the former, and 27,603,191 bushels of the latter. The production of domestic salt employed 6,998,945 dollars, and the number of bushels of that article manufactured was 6,179,174. In granite, marble, and other stone, 2,540,159 dollars were invested, and the value of the quantity of those materials produced amounted to 3,695,884 dollars annually. The number of horses and mules throughout the union was 4,335,669; of neat cattle, 14,971,586; of sheep, 19,311,374; of swine, 26,301,293; while the value of all kinds of poultry was estimated at 9,344,410 dollars. There were produced 84,823,272 bushels of wheat, 4,161,504 of barley, 123,071,341 of oats, 18,645,567 of rye, 7,291,743 of buckwheat, 377,531,875 of Indian corn, 108,286,060 of potatoes, and 10,248,108 tons of hay, and 95,251 tons of hemp and flax. 35,802,114 pounds of wool were raised, 219,163,319 pounds of tobacco, 80,841,422 pounds of rice, 790,479,275 pounds of cotton, 61,552 pounds of silk cocoons, and 155,100,809 pounds of sugar were made. The value of the produce of the dairy was 33,787,008 dollars; of the orchards, 7,256,904 dollars; of the market gardens, 2,601,196 dollars; and of the nurseries, 593,534 dollars. The value of home-made or family goods was 29,023,380 dollars. The capital invested by commercial houses in foreign trade and in commission business was 119,295,367 dollars; in the retail of dry goods, grocery, and other stores, 250,301,799 dollars; in lumber yards and trade, 9,848,307 dollars; and in internal transportation, and by butchers, packers, &c., 11,526,950 dollars. The amount of capital invested in fisheries was 16,429,620 dollars, and the produce was 773,947 quintals of dried fish, 472,359 barrels of pickled fish, 4,764,708 gallons of sperm oil, and 7,536,778 gallons of whale and other fish oils. The value of the whalebone and other productions of the fisheries was 1,153,234 dollars. The value of lumber produced in the forests was 12,943,507 dollars; of skins and furs, 1,065,869 dollars; while 619,106 barrels of tar, pitch, turpentine, and resin, and 15,935 tons of pot and pearl ashes were obtained from the same source. The amount of capital invested in manufactures exclusively, is stated to have been 267,726,579 dollars; and the value of the manufactured goods produced was estimated at 370,451,754 dollars for the year.

The number of vessels which entered the ports of the United States during the year ending the 30th of September 1841, was 12,283 (giving a tonnage of 2,370,353); and of that number 7,735 were American, and 4,548 were foreign vessels. During the same year, 7,790 American vessels cleared from the ports of the United States, and 4,554 foreign vessels. The value of the merchandise imported during this period was 127,946,227 dollars, and of that exported 121,851,803 dollars.

The legal rates of interest vary in the different states from 6 to 8 per cent.; and the punishments of usury are very conflicting and uncertain. The debts of the several states amount to 207,564,915 dollars; and the yearly interest thereon to 10,716,790 dollars. It is asserted that the present market value of all these debts is only 105,184,535, thus showing a depreciation of 46 1-6th per cent. on the par value. A fearful list of 161 "broken banks" is given, with an aggregate capital of 132,362,380 dollars.

The salary of the president of the United States is 25,000 dollars per annum; and of each of the members of his cabinet 6,000 dollars, with the exception of the attorney-general, who is allowed only 4,000 dollars. Envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary are each allowed 9,000 dollars a-year, except the minister at Constantinople, who has only 6,000 dollars. A chargé d'affaires is allowed 4,500 dollars; but of 151 consuls and commercial agents, only 10 have any salary, the whole of the others being paid by fees. The chief justice of the supreme court is allowed "compensation" to the amount of 5,000 dollars a-year; and each of the inferior

judges to the amount of 4,500 dollars. The "compensation" of the judges of the district courts is from 1,000 to 3,500 dollars a-year. The "compensation" of the president of the senate and of the speaker of the house of representatives is 16 dollars a-day; and each of the members of those bodies is allowed 8 dollars per diem. The pay of the members of the several state legislatures amounts to from 1 dollar 50 cents to 4 dollars per diem.

There are no returns relating to the army; but the navy is stated to be composed of 19 ships of the line; 1 razee; 14 frigates of 44 guns each; 2 frigates of 36 guns each; 5 steamers; 11 sloops of 20 guns each; 1 sloop of 18 guns; 5 of 16 guns; 2 brigs of 10 guns each, 12 schooners, and 7 store vessels. There are 68 captains in the navy, 97 commanders, 328 lieutenants, 70 surgeons, 66 assistant-surgeons, 63 purasers, 24 chaplains, 473 midshipmen, and 30 masters.

The number of post-offices in the United States is given at 13,468, and the extent of post-roads at 155,740 miles. The revenue of the post-office in 1840 was 4,539,266 dollars, and the expenses 4,759,111 dollars.

MEDICAL EDUCATION.

[We copy the following judicious observations on this subject from "A Second Letter addressed to Sir James Graham," by Sir James Clark, Bart. The necessity for revising and improving the whole system of medical education, and of classifying and licensing practitioners, is, we think, too evident to admit of controversy.]

MEDICAL practitioners of all classes are now much better acquainted with the structure and functions of the living body in a state of health, and with the causes and nature of those changes which constitute disease; and they are also possessed of more resources in the treatment of disease, than were their predecessors at the commencement of the present century. The rate of improvement has not, however, been equal in the three classes of medical practitioners. The apothecaries, who had most to learn, have made greater advances in this respect than the physicians and surgeons; generally speaking, they may indeed be said to have risen from a state of comparative ignorance and inferiority, to emulate the latter in professional acquirements, and to share with them the confidence of the public.

As a natural consequence of this state of things, a material change has taken place in the duties and relative position of the apothecary and of the other two classes. From being the humble individual whose duty it was implicitly to follow the directions of the physician, and compound the drugs which he prescribed, the apothecary has gradually risen to be the ordinary medical attendant of the great bulk of the population; and, for the most part, he is now only required to summon the physician to his aid in cases of difficulty or danger. Such, at the present day, is the position of the apothecary, or, as he is now more appropriately styled, the general practitioner.

The relation of the apothecary to the surgeon has been no less altered; and, as a consequence of this, the character of the surgeon's practice has undergone a remarkable change.

Not many years have elapsed (some surgeons now living have, no doubt, witnessed the change) since surgeons of hospitals, and those who have been styled pure surgeons, were alone intrusted with the treatment of surgical diseases, and with the performance of all operations of any consequence. Patients with local disorders requiring operations were brought from great distances to London and other large towns, where operating surgeons were only to be found. At present, on the contrary, general practitioners in the smaller towns, and even in villages over the whole country, are frequently called on to perform the most important operations in surgery, in cases where the patient must lose his life were immediate assistance not procured. A considerable part of the practice of the surgeons, as well as of the physicians, has thus fallen into the hands of the general practitioner; and the result has been, that the surgeons, finding themselves deprived of a large share of what they were accustomed to consider their legitimate right, now undertake the treatment of purely medical as well as surgical diseases; differing in their practice from the general practitioners only in not attending to midwifery, and not supplying their patients with medicines.

From this exposition of the relative position and functions of the three different classes of medical practitioners, it will, I think, be admitted, first, that the duties of the general practitioner are not the least onerous or important; and, secondly, that the professional duties of the three classes being essentially the same, so ought to be their medical education, up, at least, to that point which is considered sufficient to qualify for general practice.

It is self-evident that the preliminary instruction of the medical student ought to comprehend at least those branches of literature and science which are absolutely necessary to enable him to understand his professional studies. For this object he requires a certain amount of classical knowledge, in order to read professional books, and understand professional terms; he must be familiar with the common rules of arithmetic; and he ought to know something of geometry, to enable him to make the most common calculations or measurements; with the principles of physics or natural philosophy he must be acquainted, to understand some of the most important functions of the living body, and the operation of the various natural agents with which we are constantly surrounded, and which exert an unceasing influence in the preservation of health and the production of disease. In like manner the principles of chemistry are necessary to prepare him for comprehending the more complicated processes of that vital chemistry which is continually in action in the living body. Chemistry has hitherto been considered, but improperly, a part of the medical curriculum. It is no more a branch of medicine than is physics. The student should be well instructed in the principles of both, before he commences his strictly professional studies. In the course of these he will have occasion to resume the study of chemistry

in its higher departments—its application to physiology, to pathology, and to therapeutics; but to enable him to do so, a knowledge of the principles of chemistry ought to form part of his elementary education.

The elements of botany should also form part of his preliminary instruction, and more especially the structure and functions of plants, as a preparation for entering on the study of the more complicated anatomy and physiology of animal life. Nor ought he to be ignorant of the other branches of natural history, of meteorology, zoology, and geology. Without some acquaintance with these sciences, he could not understand or investigate some of the common causes of disease, or draw up the simplest medico-topographical account of any situation in which he might be placed; he would scarcely be qualified to perform the duties of a medical officer to a poor-law union. In addition to an acquaintance with these branches of natural knowledge, which I deem indispensable, he ought to know something of the philosophy of mind, to guide him in reasoning correctly, and exercising his judgment on the subjects and objects presented to his observation during the study and practice of his profession.

Such are the branches of knowledge with which every youth ought to be acquainted previously to his commencing the study of medicine. Without such preliminary instruction, and the mental discipline which it implies—and which, be it observed, forms an important item in the list—I do not hesitate to affirm, that the student can never thoroughly understand medicine as a science, or practise it as an art, with satisfaction either to himself, or full benefit to the public.

In proof of the almost total disregard of preliminary education, the following statement, recently made in a public lecture by Mr Guthrie, will be admitted as unquestionable evidence:—"I regret to say," observes that gentleman, "that among the students who entered the profession some years back, and are only now presenting themselves for examination under the regulations of 1836, there are many who cannot spell very common words in their native language." Mr Guthrie has been long on the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, and is therefore well acquainted with the requirements of the candidates for the college diploma. What these were before 1836, Mr Guthrie does not inform us; but such, it seems, is the deplorable state of ignorance of a portion of those permitted at the present day to pass the Royal College of Surgeons of London! Are men so educated worthy of being intrusted with the important duties attaching to the ordinary medical attendants of the community? Is it surprising that quackery and quacks should thrive, when such is the education of the regular practitioner? Natural talents and good sense may compensate, in some measure, for a defective education, and enable men to become good practitioners in a profession where so much depends upon the sagacity and powers of observation of the individual; but it is surely hazardous too much to permit men so ignorant as those described by Mr Guthrie to undertake the responsible duties of a surgeon. Such a state of things ought not to exist in a civilized country, and would not have existed at the present day, had the institutions intrusted with the regulation of medical education done their duty.

THE ENTERPRISING AND THE SPIRITLESS.

[From the United States Saturday Post.]

PERHAPS it would be difficult for some philosophers to decide which character should be most guarded against; a partner either in trade or in matrimony, the over-enterprising—that is to say, the individual who sees new bubbles of fortune in every turn and change of life, who is constantly grasping at shadows, and as constantly meeting with disappointment—or the cold, apathetic, and indolent character, whose energies cannot be roused by any circumstance, whose faculties seem perfectly benumbed, and who is satisfied to rust on in idleness, the contempt and the scorn, in many instances, of his best friends. We say that the choice between the two would be difficult with many; not so, however, with us. One might as well be tied to a dead body as to be connected, for better or worse, in business or in social life, with an inanimate clod, whose ambition is bounded within the limits of a very narrow circle, who is willing to drag on a dull existence, without an effort either for the mental or moral improvement of those around him; who, in short, is satisfied with eating, drinking, and perishing, without leaving a single intellectual record behind. "Motion," according to an eloquent modern author, "is the very soul of our being. The world in which we live is in constant motion; everything around us moves; the smallest particle of atmosphere teems with life; and it is the order of nature and will of the Deity, that man should exercise the glorious powers conferred to his keeping." It is well enough for old age, after an active and useful life, to seek repose and quiet, and to contemplate in a proper spirit the inevitable and rapidly approaching change from time to eternity. And while all, whether young or old, should in their movements remember their dependence upon Divine Providence, and indulge occasionally in suitable meditations as to the mysterious future, we cannot tolerate in the young and healthful such apathy and indifference to the things of life, such utter absence of spirit and enterprise, as indicates too palpably a disposition to grovel through existence without a noble thought, an elevated aspiration, or an active and manly impulse. Far better, in our view, the individual of indomitable enterprise, whose energies nothing can suppress, and who, although falling to-day, and to-morrow, and the next day, or this year and next, in some bright but unsubstantial undertaking, is nothing daunted, determined to try something else, and thus to "go ahead" as long as physical strength and animation last. True, beings of this class are not exactly the persons best fitted for the mutations of this mortal existence. They too often not only deceive themselves, but others, while to some extent they may be regarded as monomaniacs. Still, the world

would be dull, cold, and cautious without them; while, in contrast with the insipid and indifferent, the spiritless and the indolent, they are much to be preferred. How often do we hear persons exclaim—"Well, I must be the most unlucky fellow in the world! I have been on the look-out for something to do for the last two years, and although I have had one or two offers, they did not exactly suit, and I am doomed to a life of protracted idleness. But there is no use of complaining—it is my luck. However, next spring I am determined to do so and so." Spring arrives, and summer, and autumn, and winter, and the same story is told. A chance is stated by a friend, and the idler is requested to call on a certain individual. He is apparently delighted with the prospect; he is extremely anxious to get something to do, according to his own account; but he neglects to call from day to day, and then discovers, to his apparent horror, that it is too late. "It is of no use, however—it is my luck." A situation to start in business presents itself. He rouses for the moment, looks round, and admits that the prospect is tolerably fair. But he inquires of one, then another; discovers that failures have taken place in the same line, that only a living can be made, takes time to consider, and finds, soon enough, that some one else with more enterprise has snapped at the offer just as he was about to make up his mind. But the old story is repeated—"It is of no use—it's my luck." Yes; and such would be the luck of half the world, if animated with the same spirit. We can only repeat, then, that of the two characters we have endeavoured so hastily to shadow forth, we would by far prefer the dashing, headlong, speculative, and indomitable and energetic portrait, to the dull, lifeless, desponding, and inactive; our word for it, nine-tenths of our lady readers would make a similar selection.

THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT.

A steam-boat leaves Stockholm every week, and touches at Gelle, Hudiksvall, Hernösand, Umeå, and other points on the western coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, as well as Wasa on the eastern, on its way to Tornø, at the head of the gulf. This voyage is a very pleasant one, and gives an opportunity to those who wish to go up to that very northern city at the summer solstice (the 23d of June, or St John's day), when, from a neighbouring mountain, they can have their faith confirmed in the Copernican system. For, at that epoch, the sun, to those who are on that elevation, does not descend below the horizon, but is seen to decline to the north-west, and verge more and more to the exact north, until it reaches midnight, its lowest point, when it is just visible above the horizon. In a few minutes it is seen to commence its upward course towards the north-east, and thus continues its glorious progress until it reaches its zenith in the south. Even to one who is at Stockholm at that epoch, the nights for two or three weeks are sufficiently light from the refraction of the sun's rays, owing to its being so little beneath the horizon, for the performance of almost any business. We happened, about that time, about four years ago, to be going up to the Promotion at Upsala, and were obliged to travel all night; and we have a distinct recollection of reading a letter at midnight with ease, even while passing through a forest. And the year after, at the same season, we often whiled away our leisure moments by sitting at the window of the house where we stayed, on the English quay in St Petersburg, a city which is situated in the same degree as Upsala, and half a degree north of Stockholm, and reading until midnight. During that period, scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the sky, which had both day and night that light blue which is peculiar to those northern regions at this period of the year, and which is occasioned by the rays of the sun striking the atmosphere of that portion of the earth at so small an angle. Scarcely a star was visible in the heavens at night, and the moon, even when full, hardly formed a shadow. At that season, there is something unnatural and death-like in the appearance of things as night sets in. Business comes to an end before the sun goes down, and all nature falls into stillness and repose whilst it is yet light; and if you have been unaccustomed to such a state of things, you seem, as you pass the streets, whether it be of Stockholm or St Petersburg, Hernösand or Tornø, to be in the midst of a city which is uninhabited. No living thing, perhaps, is to be seen anywhere, as you pass street after street, save some solitary sentinel with his gray coat and musket.—*Daird's Travels in Europe.*

HEDGEHOGS.

M. Lens and Professor Buckland declare that the most violent animal poisons have no effect on the hedgehog, which kills and eats adders and vipers. M. Lens says that he had in his house a female hedgehog, kept in a large box, and which soon became very mild and familiar. He often put into the box some adders, which it attacked with avidity, seizing them indifferently by the head, the body, or the tail, and did not appear alarmed or embarrassed when they coiled themselves around its body. On one occasion M. Lens witnessed a fight between a hedgehog and a viper. When the hedgehog came near and smelled the snake—for with these animals the sense of sight is very obtuse—she seized it by the head, and held it fast between her teeth, but without appearing to do it much harm; for having disengaged its head, it assumed a furious and menacing attitude, and hissing vehemently, inflicted several severe bites on the hedgehog. The little animal, however, did not recoil from the bites of the viper, or indeed seem to care much about them. At last, when the reptile was fatigued by its efforts, she again seized it by the head, which she ground between her teeth, compressing the fangs and glands of poison, and then devouring every part of the body. M. Lens says that battles of this sort often occurred in the presence of many persons; and sometimes the hedgehog has received eight or ten wounds on the ears, the snout, and even on the tongue, without appearing to experience any of the ordinary

symptoms produced by the venom of the viper. Neither herself nor the young which she was then suckling seemed to suffer from it. This observation agrees with that of Pallas, who assures us that the hedgehog can eat about a hundred cantharides, without experiencing any of the effects which this insect, taken inwardly, produces on men, dogs, and cats. A German physician who made the hedgehog a particular object of study, gave it a strong dose of prussic acid, of arsenic, of opium, and of corrosive sublimate, none of which did it any harm. The hedgehog in its natural state only feeds on pears, apples, and other fruits. When it can get nothing it likes better, its ordinary food consists of worms, slugs, frogs, adders, and sometimes rats and mice.—*Gardener and Practical Florist.*

TRICKERY IN TRADE.

A late number of *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine*, an American periodical, contains an interesting memoir of the late Gideon Lee, from which we derive the following anecdote, illustrative of his own fair dealings, and of the usual effects of trickery in trade. No man more thoroughly despised dishonesty than Mr Lee; and he used to remark, "No trade can be sound that is not beneficial to both parties; to the buyer as well as to the seller. A man may obtain a temporary advantage by selling an article for more than it is worth, but the very effect of such operations must recoil on him, in the shape of bad debts and increased risks." A person with whom he had some transactions, once boasted to him that he had, on one occasion, obtained an advantage over such a neighbour, and upon another occasion, over another neighbour: "And to-day," said he, "I have obtained one over you." "Well," said Mr Lee, "that may be; but if you will promise never to enter my office again, I will give you that bundle of goat skins." The man made the promise, and took them. Fifteen years afterwards, he walked into Mr Lee's office. At the instant, on seeing him, he exclaimed, "You have violated your word: pay me for the goat skins!" "Oh," said the man, "I am quite poor, and have been very unfortunate since I saw you." "Yes," said Mr Lee; "and you always will be poor; that miserable desire for over-reaching others must ever keep you so."

HINTS TO SURGICAL STUDENTS.

When I used to lecture on surgery, and came to the subject of amputation, I advised you all to get broomsticks, and saw them up by inches, in order that you might acquire the necessary facility in doing it, for I am inclined to believe none of you are sawyers by intuition. In like manner, I judge you are not able to sew. It has been said that a surgeon should have an eagle eye, a lion heart, a lady's hand. As to the eagle eye, and the lion heart, I make no doubt you have all got them, but I doubt the lady's hand. I have often thought my hand as light as that of any other man engaged in the practice of surgery, nevertheless, I never could stitch up a hole in my glove, nor in anything else, to my satisfaction. I would recommend you, then, to practise the art of mending gloves, until you can do it neatly; if you cannot arrive at this, you must, in the event of an accident occurring, avail yourself of the assistance of some good old lady, who is past the time of fainting and hysterics; if she will only sew up the wound with as much care and neatness as she would a hole in her best cambric pocket-handkerchief, taking a with her stitch nothing but the edge of the cut skin, she will have done your patient an essential service.—*Guthrie's Clinical Lecture on Wounds.*

THE QUANTITY OF CARBONIC ACID GAS EXHALED IN RESPIRATION.

Messrs Andral and Gavarret draw the following conclusions from a series of experiments instituted by them, to discover the quantity of carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs in man:—1st. The quantity of carbonic acid gas, exhaled in a given time, varies according to the age, sex, and constitution. 2d. In man, as well as in woman, the quantity is modified according to the age, independently of the weight of the individuals experimented on. 3d. At all the periods of life, between the age of eight years and extreme old age, man and woman are distinguished by the difference in the quantity of carbonic acid gas exhaled by their lungs in a given time. All things being otherwise equal, man always gives forth a much more considerable quantity than woman. This difference is especially marked between the ages of sixteen and forty, at which periods man furnishes nearly twice the quantity of carbonic acid gas from the lungs that a woman does. 4th. In man, the quantity of carbonic acid gas is constantly increasing from the eighth year to the thirtieth, the increase becoming suddenly very great at the period of puberty; from the thirtieth year the exhalation of carbonic acid gas begins to decrease, the diminution becoming more marked as age advances, so that at the extreme point of life the exhalation of this gas may not be greater than it was at the tenth year. 5th. In woman, the exhalation of this gas increases according to the same laws as in man during infancy; but at the period of puberty, at the same time that menstruation appears, this exhalation, contrary to that which happens in man, is suddenly arrested in its increase, and remains stationary (nearly as the amount which it exhaled was in infancy) as long as the menstrual function is duly performed; when it ceases, the exhalation of the gas from the lungs is increased in a remarkable manner, after which it decreases, as in man, in proportion as the woman advances towards extreme old age. 6th. During pregnancy, the exhalation of the gas for the time equals the quantity given forth by woman in which menstruation has ceased. And, 7th. In both sexes, and at all ages, the quantity of the gas exhaled is greater when the constitution is strong, and the muscular system well developed.—*Medical Times.*

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